

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

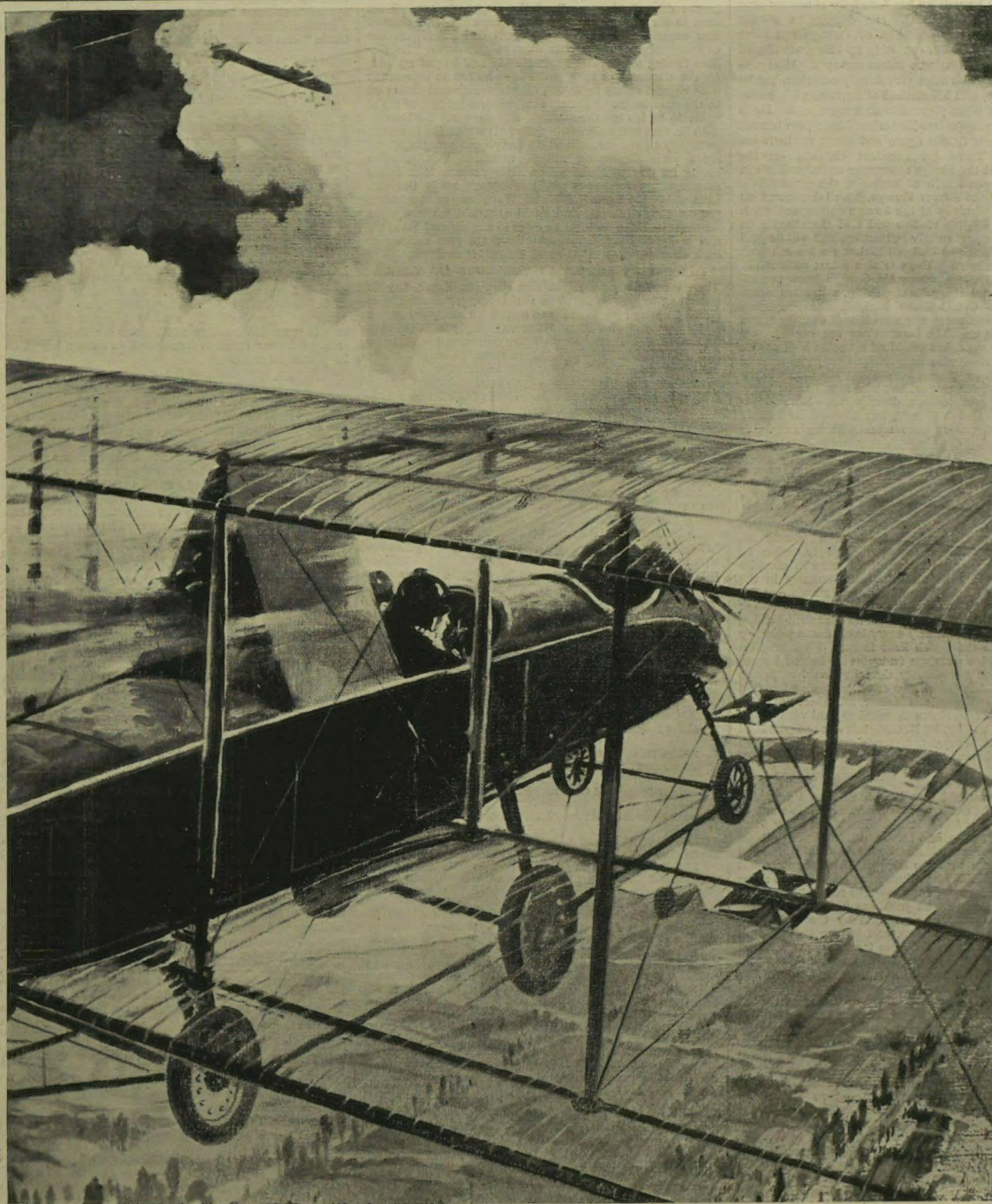
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No. 4004. VOL. CXLVIII.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1916.

SIXPENCE.

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AN "INVISIBLE" AEROPLANE! A FLYING-MACHINE, WITH TRANSPARENT WINGS, WHICH IS SAID TO BE A BLUR
AT 3000 FEET AND LOST TO SIGHT AT 6000 FEET.

The illustration here given is reproduced from the "Scientific American," by courtesy of the Editor. Describing the picture, that paper says: "The French Government is, naturally, very secretive about this invention. . . . In type this new marvel is similar to the 'Voisin.' The body and framework are constructed, as in ordinary machines, of aluminium braced with wire. Over the framework, instead of canvas, is stretched

a transparent material which looks like a cross between mica and celluloid. It is called 'cellon.' . . . Of almost the same transparency as glass, it does not crack or splinter and has the toughness and pliability of rubber. . . . The French . . . have completed a practicably invincible, as well as invisible, machine. At a height of 3000 feet it becomes an indistinct blur. At 6000 feet it is absolutely lost to sight."

BOOKS FOR TO-DAY.

Petrograd. Mr. William Barnes Steveni has written an entertaining and instructive description of "Petrograd Past and Present" (Grant Richards), from a perusal of which the reader will derive much amusement, although he will not to place too great reliance on the historical side, for Mr. Steveni has quite a genius for facile inaccuracy. Curiously enough, the archaeological part of the work is better than the historical portions. In an easy, chatty style, Mr. Steveni succeeds in throwing an interesting light on the dim and distant origins of Russia; his stories of Scandinavian, Anglo-Saxon, and Arabian trading operations are interesting, and never pedantic. Having lived and worked in the capital as a newspaper correspondent for over a generation, Mr. Steveni has become saturated with Russian lore, and while he betrays no critical faculty, but reproduces with impartial fidelity the many legends he has heard, he is not for that reason any the less amusing. His description of the growth and the present condition of Petrograd is most vivid, and has the effect of conjuring up this great city of palaces, churches, and bazaars before our eyes. His spelling of Russian names is often provokingly eccentric, but he knows his subject, and his method of imparting his knowledge is easy and often pleasantly unconventional. He is an ardent admirer of the late Sir Robert Morier, our famous Ambassador, whose titanic figure and blunt methods are well described. There are excellent chapters on the Russian Press and the foreign newspaper correspondents in Petrograd. His pen-sketch of Souvorin, the giant editor and proprietor of the *Novoye Vremya*, is well done; and his account of the difficulties of the foreign correspondents is most amusing. English readers will find the chapter on the British colony particularly interesting, and will be glad to learn how ancient and well established are her relations with British merchants. There is also a less satisfactory chapter on M. de Witte, whom Mr. Steveni knew personally; and a capital character-sketch by a Russian correspondent of the Grand Duke Michael, the Emperor's brother. This excellent young man is well described, and made live before us. The illustrations are capital. On the whole, Mr. Steveni has produced a book which at this moment will be read with interest by that large class of people who desire to know a little about the life and conditions of the Russian people, but who refuse to be bored by long-winded and tedious descriptions. More trustworthy works on Russia abound, but it would be difficult to find one that was at once more amusing and more graphic.

About Java. The map reminds us that Java lies a little remote from the area of our immediate interests, but it is well to remember that the island was in British occupation for five years, from 1811 to 1816. Then, again, the late Donald MacLaine Campbell, author of the two-volume book, "Java" (Heinemann), started to prepare the material for his work nearly ten years ago, and wrote the first part in 1912, when he returned to England after twenty-three years in what he boldly describes as "the most beautiful country in the world." He was British Vice-Consul, and member of the Dutch Council and Chamber of Commerce of Samarang; he knew all about the life and work of Sir Stamford Raffles, and seems to have read nearly every book dealing directly or indirectly with the Dutch East Indies. He married a Dutch lady, and his marriage undoubtedly helped him to gather information more easily than he would otherwise have been able to do. Rather more than twelve hundred pages go to the making of this history, and there are notes remaining for a third volume intended to deal with javan commerce. The late Mr. D. M. Campbell was not possessed of any striking literary gift, and was quite aware of the fact; but he had what is more valuable—the capacity for taking infinite pains; and if in times like these the appeal of his finely illustrated volumes is strictly limited, purchasers will at least feel that they have been thoroughly well treated by the author, while the value of his work to reference libraries is indisputable. From the early fourteenth century Java has been known to Europeans, but Mr. Campbell goes back in his history to the period of Hindu and Arabian intercourse with the island. These chapters will interest the few; it is when Europeans come on the scene that the story quickens, and it is worth remembering that the first Englishman to visit Java was Sir Francis Drake. Of the modern control of the island by the Dutch the author writes in glowing terms, and it may be said that the second volume holds far more for the general reader than the first. The chapters devoted to the fauna and flora of the island will attract sportsman and naturalist; while half-a-dozen sectional papers in the chapter headed "Miscellaneous" hold just the information that people ask for. Mr. Campbell, being a genuine enthusiast, flung his net too wide; he gathered in the last ounce of knowledge that could be acquired—even statistics, so they were Javanese, attracted him irresistibly. The normal man will not follow him through all the regions of his research; he will be content to pick and choose. From April to November Java is apparently regarded as an earthly paradise by its whole-hearted admirers. The climate, like the curate's egg, is "good in parts"; but when the author writes of European settlers that, if they are bodily and constitutionally healthy, go to Java before they are fifty, and live carefully, their health "will certainly not suffer in the least in the first ten years or even longer, but on the contrary," it is not only his method of ending the sentence that gives us pause. He also admits that Java's seaport towns are "usually scourged annually from the months of July to January with cholera; while typhoid fever and small-pox are generally rampant." The Javanese tiger as found in the forests round Blitar "is nearly equal in size to the Bengal tiger, and very ferocious." There are a few poisonous snakes. Thunderstorms are very frequent and of tremendous energy, but "they seldom do more than ordinary damage." We turn again to Mr. Campbell's subtitle—"A Description of the Most Beautiful Country in the World"—and wonder if it be not possible to pay too much for beauty.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE BASKER," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.
 IN other times it might have been worth while, perhaps, examining critically Mrs. Clifford Mills's romantic fable of "The Basker," and indicating the derivation of this story of blue blood from a long line of theatrical ancestry. But nowadays we must be content with what we can get in the playhouse, and, however lacking in relation to actualities may be the new play at the St. James's, it is certainly the occasion of first-rate acting, and that is something for which to be very thankful. Watch that stage veteran, Miss Genevieve Ward, and note the way in which, as the old Duchess who can afford to swear, she contrives by her deportment, her diction, her will-power, to dominate the boards, and to compass humour, tenderness, ferocity in quick succession; and you will understand why the "old school" has our praise and respect. To have succeeded in recalling our only tragédienne from her retirement is something of a feather in the dramatist's as well as the manager's cap. Then turn to Sir George Alexander's performance, and observe how experience and accomplishment can transfigure the commonplace. Merely your average gentleman who dislikes having to shoulder responsibility and to put up with all the ceremony of rank is the hero he has to represent: a Duke who wants to unload all his wealth and duties on to the next heir, and almost makes him a present of a girl ready to be his for the asking. But see what Sir George, with his ease and airiness of manner, does with the material, especially in the scene in which forty woos seventeen, and again your admiration will be aroused. Finally, after giving its due to the gracious little portrait Miss Marie Hemingway furnishes of sweet seventeen, study the tact with which Mr. Leon Quartermaine makes you overlook a preposterous situation, and listen absorbed while a valet lectures the Duke on what he owes to himself and his rank, and conquers his indifference. To skate past ridicule in such circumstances takes some doing: it is done.

"THE PARISH PUMP," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.
 There seemed a prospect at first that Mr. Frank Layton was going to give us in "The Parish Pump" a comedy of North Country municipal life to match, for realistic humour and observation, an Arnold Bennett study of the Five Towns. Indeed, Mr. Bennett himself could not have bettered the opening act, and its portraits of the newly rich tradesman-Mayor, the vulgar but kindly wife, who found him such a baby in his tantrums, and the revolting daughter, whose proposal to marry a curate he so tyrannically forbade. All this was sterling stuff, and presented types still to be met with in our smaller provincial towns. But it was soon evident that Mr. Layton was out for farce and satire rather than for comedy, and the scenes in his Mayor's parlour, where a women's rights deputation, headed by his Worship's daughter, bearded the Council, and a foppish Labour leader set his Burgess colleagues by the ears, proved amusing enough, but obvious burlesque. Not always quite amusing, though. The problem of baths or no baths, and bathing and wash-house rights for women, got now and then a little tedious. Fortunately, the fop who kept telling his brother-councillors "I am the Labour party," saved the situation with his mixture of insolence and sense. Mr. Gordon Ash was delicious in the part, and it goes without saying that Mr. Charles Groves and Mrs. A. B. Tapping scored in delightful thumb-nail sketches of the Mayor and his better half. While these three players were on the stage there was never any lack of laughter.

AT THE BOOKSELLERS'.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- The Life of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal. Beckles Willson. 25s. net (Cassell).
 The Path of Glory. Anatole France. 6s. (The Bodley Head).
 The Telephone and Telephone Exchanges. J. E. Kingsbury. 12s. 6d. net (Longmans).
 A Painter of Dreams, and Other Biographical Studies. A. M. W. Stirling. 12s. 6d. net (The Bodley Head).
 A German Prince and His Victim. Taken from the Memoirs of Mme. Pauline Panam. 12s. 6d. net (Long).
 Russian Folk Tales. Leonard A. Magnus. 7s. 6d. net (Kegan Paul).
 The Scottish Friend of Frederic the Great: The Last Earl Marischal. Mrs. Edith E. Cuttill. F.R.H.S. Two Vols. 24s. net (Stanley Paul).
 Anne Jemson. Mrs. Stewart Erskine. 15s. net (Fisher Unwin).

FICTION.

- The "Times" Rec Cross Story-Book. By Famous Novelists serving in his Majesty's Forces. 3s. 6d. net (Hodder and Stoughton).
 The Spirit of the House. Kate Murray. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton).
 The Impostor. David Whitlaw. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton).
 The Dreamer of Dreams. By the Queen of Rumania. Illustrated by Edmund Dulac. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton).
 The Moulding of Marjorie. Mary Bradford Whiting. 1s. 6d. (S.P.C.K.).
 In the Hands of the Enemy. B. G. O'Rourke. 1s. net (Longmans).
 The Ends of the Earth. Mary Gaimst. 6s. (Werner Laurie).
 Harmony Hall: A Story for Girls. Marion Hill. 2s. 6d. net (Long).
 Ursula's Marriage. James Blyth. 6s. (Long).
 The New Dawn. George Woulf. 6s. (Long).
 Because of Phoebe. Kate Horn. 6s. (Stanley Paul).

TITLEPAGE AND INDEX.

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NEW NOVELS.

"The Fortunes of Garin." It is a far cry from the Virginia where Miss Mary Johnston planted her first romances to Southern France in the eleventh century—and yet not so far when her *flair* for knights-errant is equally happy in either country. "The Fortunes of Garin" (Constable) is a good book in many ways, but its superlative excellence is emancipation from what "R. L. S." neatly labelled "tushery." Knights of old in Wardour Street armour are deadly bores; these knights are much more entertaining people. Garin, who might have been a churchman if he had not seen the form (but not the face) of the whom forthwith he sang as the Fair Goal, had many adventures, and they all make excellent reading. This is the gallant story of his knightly quest, and his fights, first and last, with Jaufre de Montmaure, and his finding of the Fair Goal in a woman of wisdom. The bedrock of it is just the fairy-tale plot of the younger son who went out into the world to seek his fortune and married a princess—the bedrock of most of the good stories that have been told or written from the time of Haroun-al-Raschid to the present day. "The Fortunes of Garin" can be recommended.

"The Pearl Fishers." Mr. de Vere Stacpoole is always happy in his titles, which sense the colour of the books behind them. "The Pearl Fishers" (Hutchinson) is just about as good a story of adventure as anybody can hope or wish for. It sparkles with the magic and mystery of a coral island. Who—at some early age—has not yearned to be transported to a coral island; and who is there, when the glamour of youth has long passed, who does not feel the afterglow of that juvenile desire warming him again when he comes upon a South Sea novel? Add pearls and a lovely Kanaka maiden, and the joy is complete. The hairbreadth escapes of Floyd from battle, murder, and sudden death are contrived with an artfulness that provides the maximum number of thrills in the compass of a modest volume. Floyd, you must understand, was what his friend Carden described as "a soft-shell Englishman, as good as they make 'em," and he would have been no match for Schumer (of German origin) and Hakluyt, the Hollander, if he and his girl had not had the knack of lucky eavesdropping, and the courage to act upon information not meant for their interested ears. Schumer came to a bad end—a fitting, horrid end. So perish all traitors!

"Carrae's Comedy." "Carrae's Comedy" (Heinemann) has not a little in common with the novels of Miss Sidgwick and the late Miss Coleridge. It is excellent work, its values modified only by the precaution that, in guarding against any suspicion of excess, tends to subdue the main scheme to something approximating to insignificance. Nobody raises his voice or bawls, or breaks out into the vulgar emotion; but then, on the other hand, nobody speaks with the resonance of a vigorous conviction. These are pale people, too delicately painted altogether to grip the reader. It is regrettable, for Miss Gladys Parish is an artist. The convent is a little gem of careful proportions, and the studies of London are faithfully rendered. "The street or place, walled up at one end, looked rather like a courtyard, it was so narrowly enclosed, and there was a forgotten air about it, an indescribable atmosphere of remoteness. Nothing was stirring within sight, and after they had rung the bell the silence settled again; while the fronts of the houses, on both sides, seemed to sag forward a little in the light of one street-lamp." It would be hard better to describe the immemorial aloofness of a London byway, one of the sleepy old entries waiting secretly upon its inevitable extinction. After all, we can spare a little high colour for such a sure sense of the subtle shades of worlds.

"Quicksands." "Quicksands" (Cassell), being by Mrs. B. M. Croker, is a lively Anglo-Indian story, destined to popularity in the seaside subscription libraries, where it will be recommended by the helpful young woman at the counter. Alice in Wonderland would have found her heart's desire in it, for it has plenty of conversation—is, in fact, principally conversation. Most of the people in it are ill-natured, either by design on Mrs. Croker's part or, as we suspect, without the full cognisance of the author. There is little to distinguish the real ladies from the make-believe ladies in the Indian society it describes, where gossip and snobbery are rampant. The hero is a cavalry captain—oh, British cavalry, of course; the heroine is a beautiful girl who is slighted by a cold and haughty aunt, and who, being packed off to India in the charge of a pair of adventurers, meets and marries her early love; and presumably returns home to sail triumphantly in to dinner a long way ahead of Aunt Mina. "Quicksands" might have been written for the late 'eighties. In the present year of grace it has the smack of a fashion of mind old enough to be out of touch with the better taste of to-day, but not old enough to have the antique flavour.

"Penelope's Postscripts." There is about as much solidity in "Penelope's Postscripts" (Hodder and Stoughton) as you may find in the substance of a soufflé. It is well whipped, and sweet, and gaily palatable, and all it leaves behind is a sense of gentle humour and well-being. These intelligent and peripatetic American ladies have a *flair* for the amusing side of travel. Also, it must be added, they are courteous, and even complimentary, to the countries they pass through. The book is a rambling record of Penelope and her friends in Switzerland, in Italy, in Wales, and Devon. They make great play with the Welsh names, and with the steps of Clovelly—where, by the way, the artistic arrangements of pink and blue laundry seem to have escaped their notice. Perhaps it was not washing-day while they were at Clovelly. They do not ignore the time-honoured joke, and remind us (and we are glad to be reminded) of the man who, knowing no Italian and wishing to leave some luggage at the railway station in Rome, recalled the few Latin phrases he possessed, mostly of an obituary character, and pointed first to his effects with "Requiescat in pace," and then to himself with the one pregnant word "Resurgam." We could spare many realistic writers before we cared to forego laughter-loving Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT is the work of German education to fill up insufficiency with self-sufficiency. In a sense, it is true that the Prussian Government knows how to make its subjects contented: it knows how to make them contented with inferior things. Perhaps the most ignominiously inferior thing is superiority. If making a population of important pigmies is the greatest good of the greatest number, there is really a sense in which Germanic culture and control achieve it. Their sense of perfection makes them permanently imperfect. In the calm absence of all self-criticism there is made possible a fine flower of fatuity not to be found in any less protected land. This enormous ineptitude must be touched on with humility, not to say fear. England and America have been tempted to such Pharisaic fooleries; but the English and American sense of humour (though the two are very different) have kept such things within bounds. But if Prussia really conquered us, we might all be like that.

one of them: "Graf Metternich's reports in the winter of 1912 clearly show that the British Ministers then frankly admitted their solicitude for Great Britain's relations with England and France." Surely not. I feel sure there is some mistake. Great Britain's relations with England, as they say in the King's Speech, continue to be favourable. Other remarks on the same diplomatic topic are simply impossible to understand. What does this mean, for instance? "Of course, the present war is shown as an example for German slyness. We do not want to disturb these illusions, but must draw attention to the remarkable fact that the English proclamation as supporting the statement that the war is one of German aggression refers to faithless Italy." Why should we show an example for German slyness? What does he mean by saying that we refer to faithless Italy? Surely he cannot mean that we refer to her as faithless. "Faithless" appears to be of the nature of a short

holes in it will afford the young student an excellent model of the dangers of saying a thing first and attempting to prove it afterwards.

Some letters from Professor Deissmann of Berlin which accompany the little book are marked also by this curious collapsible style. They are further marked by a reeking cant of humanitarianism used in palliation of inhumanity, with which I will not pretend to patience. If it is really part of the Prussian's duty to butcher my brothers (and sisters), I should be very much obliged to him if he would not weep over them. He assures me that there is no hatred in his heart, the state of which organ does not interest me, because it is quite clear that, whatever may be in his heart, there is nothing in his head to stop him from going on as he does; and nothing short of a bullet in his head seems likely to have that effect. I will give one case of the curious confusion of words

which in so many of these cases covers an equally curious confusion of conscience. Speaking of some Lutheran assembly or other, he says, "The Synod expresses its grateful satisfaction that synods, congregations, and individual Christians of America have courageously and vigorously protested against the American export of ammunition for the enemies of Germany and its allies, as contradicting Christianity, and therewith connects the expression of hope that our fellow-believers across the ocean will continue to maintain this standpoint. At the same time, the Synod requests the High Administrative Body of the Church to make efforts toward the Committee of the German Evangelical Churches for a similar publication in the name of Evangelical Christianity in Germany."

I fear we must not find, in the haziness of the style, a hope that the Synod is asking the Evangelical Christians in Germany not to manufacture munitions. Yet it is difficult to see how the Synod can, with any consistency, mean anything except this. What is the sense of saying that an American is not a Christian if he makes a gun to

be fired off, and then saying that a German is a Christian when he makes a gun and fires it off himself? Alone among the nations, the Yankees are to be the only Quakers, solely in order that the Germans may be the only militarists. America is to be superior to armaments, that Prussia may be superior in armaments. But whether the Professor and his Synod mean this or mean the opposite, or mean anything at all, the quality of the diction makes it difficult to determine.

There are other passages which are not particularly obscure, but are extremely laborious, and have something indescribably amusing about them, if you read only a little of them at a time. It is one of the peculiarities of this deep-hearted German way of writing that it is either impossible to see the point at all or it is possible to see the point a long time before the explanatory writer gets to it. Much of it is concerned with the Higher Criticism of the Bible, a sport held dear in their dark forests, and of what Professor Deissmann calls "the blessed reciprocal effect of international Biblical research."

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CHIEF PROPRIETOR OF THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH"—
THE LATE LORD BURNHAM.

THE NEW LORD BURNHAM: COLONEL THE HON. HARRY
LAWSON, M.P., OF THE ROYAL BUCKS HUSSARS.

Full of years and honours, Lord Burnham, principal proprietor of the "Daily Telegraph," passed away on January 9, at the age of eighty-two. Lord Burnham was not only the inspiring genius of the great popular morning paper, maintaining the honourable traditions of journalism, but he was always ready to forego considerations of cost when great events demanded great expenditure. He was, too, a friend to journalists, and one of his staff was reported to have said that he received the treatment of a prince and the wages of an ambassador. The "Daily Telegraph," under Edward Levy Lawson, as Lord Burnham then was, had the courage, and advantage, of being the first daily paper to be sold at a penny. Lord Burnham's successor, the Hon. Harry Lawson, M.P. for Mile End, and Colonel in the 3rd Royal Bucks Hussars, is very popular, and has inherited much of Lord Burnham's journalistic talent. He married Olive, daughter of General Sir Henry de Bathe, and has a daughter, the Hon. Mrs. John S. Coke, wife of a half-brother of the Earl of Leicester.—[Photographs by Elliott and Fry, and Russell.]

sharp cry, breaking involuntarily out of him in the course of the sentence. But why, then, is it a remarkable fact that we should refer to Italy? I cannot tell. As the German says in Mr. Belloc's book, "It is in the dear secret of the all-wise Nature-Mother preserved."

Now I am not picking holes, or pointing to them, in a merely supercilious and superficial spirit. I do not suggest that the German case is like the church at Langemarck, and is entirely destroyed by having a few holes in it. But I do think one can look through such holes and see something of the interior of the German mind. These floundering in phraseology do correspond to certain floundering in philosophy. For instance, the German does reach the point of describing a gun as being reluctant to kill a woman, through a mistake in his mechanical creed. The mistake is that he does instinctively think it is the gun that kills the woman; he is drilled to forget that it is really a man who kills her. Then his sentimentalism begins to soak through his systematising; and the bashful piece of artillery is the remarkable result. And a brief study of the sentence about the wall with

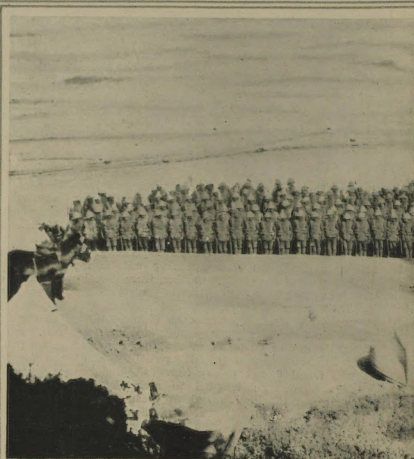
It is a fatuity that finds expression in the very style and grammar. I have received a whole sheaf of German-English pamphlets, including a booklet called "War-Chronicle"; and on reading them I am chiefly arrested by the most weird weaknesses in the mere diction, long before I come to the universal weakness of the case. I will give only one or two instances of a sort of ill-luck in language. Thus, we must expect recriminations about destruction of buildings on one side or the other. But whichever side manages things worse, there can surely be no doubt about which explains them worse. The first thing I find is a sentence like this: "The church of Langemarck has been completely destroyed owing to French and English shells and shrapnels, as is proved by the many holes in the walls." I can see what the man means; but in the mere logic of language it is hard to see how you make a hole in what is entirely destroyed. We must expect different versions of the responsibility for the death of non-combatants on a battlefield. According to the report of the Russians, "The German troops admit that they were reluctantly obliged in the course of these attacks to shoot thousands of Russians, including many women and children." The Germans apparently say, or attempt to say, that this was because the Russians put women and children in the place of peril. But what the Germans actually succeed in saying is this: "Our guns were reluctantly obliged to demand toll of many of their lives." Have any of my readers ever had the happiness to see a reluctant gun? I like to think of the cannon coyly shrinking from being handled by human beings, but forced by the masterful Germans to come forward and do itself justice. In my Prussian pamphlet the two sentences are put in parallel columns, somewhat innocently purporting to show that the Germans speak the truth and the Russians falsehood. All that the two sentences really prove is that the Russians at least say what they mean to say, and that the Germans cannot even do that. Yet again, we must expect a rather entangled use of the *tu quoque* touching the negotiations before the war. But there are some statements which the Germans really need not ask us to accept, and this is

THE FINAL EVACUATION OF GALLIPOLI, WITH ONLY ONE

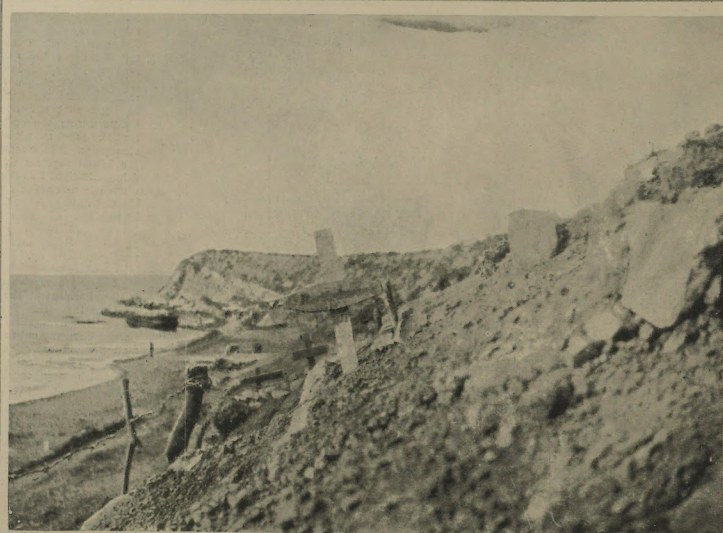
CASUALTY: AT CAPE HELLES BEFORE THE RETIREMENT.



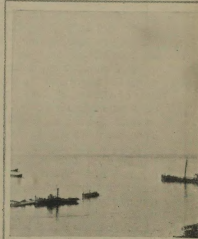
NEAR THE SCENE OF THE HISTORIC LANDING AT SEDD-UL BAHIR: "V" BEACH AND THE FRENCH CAMP, CAPE HELLES.



PROOF OF THE TERRIBLE "WASTAGE" OF WAR: THE 2ND HAMPSHIRE TWO DAYS AFTER GOING INTO



WHERE REST (IN SIR IAN HAMILTON'S WORDS) "DEAR COMRADES WHO WILL RETURN NO MORE" GRAVES OF BRITISH SOLDIERS NEAR CAPE HELLES.



CONSTRUCTED BY THE ROYAL AT "W" BEACH.



HOW STORES AND RESERVE A SUPPLY DEPOT



AT CHURCH PARADE ON GULLY BEACH, NEAR CAPE HELLES, ON AUGUST 8—ACTION ABOUT 850 STRONG.



AT THE SOUTHERN POINT OF GALLIPOLI, NOW EVACUATED: ARTILLERY HORSES IN THEIR DUG-OUTS AT CAPE HELLES.



ENGINEERS: THE HARBOUR BEACH.



AMMUNITION WERE KEPT: AT CAPE HELLES.



THE SCENE OF THE FAMOUS "LANCASHIRE LANDING": A VIEW OF THE HISTORIC "W" BEACH, BETWEEN CAPE HELLES AND TEKKE BURNU.

An official announcement, issued on January 9, stated: "General Sir Charles Monro reports that the complete evacuation of the Gallipoli Peninsula has now been successfully carried out. All guns and howitzers were got away, with the exception of 17 worn-out guns which were blown up by us before leaving. Our casualties amounted to one British rank and file wounded. There were no casualties among the French troops. Sir C. Monro states that the successful accomplishment of this difficult task is due to Generals Birdwood and Davies, and to the invaluable assistance rendered in an operation of the highest difficulty by Admiral de Robeck and the Royal Navy." The French official *communiqué* was as follows: "On Saturday night (the 8th) the complete evacuation of Gallipoli, which had been thoroughly prepared for some days past and perfectly organised by the British Commander and the Commander of our Expeditionary Corps, was effected without loss. All the French material was got away, with the exception of six naval guns, which were destroyed before we left. They are included in the 17 destroyed guns mentioned in the British *communiqué*. The enemy opened fire at 4 o'clock in the morning, when the embarkation was finished." The Turkish reports naturally

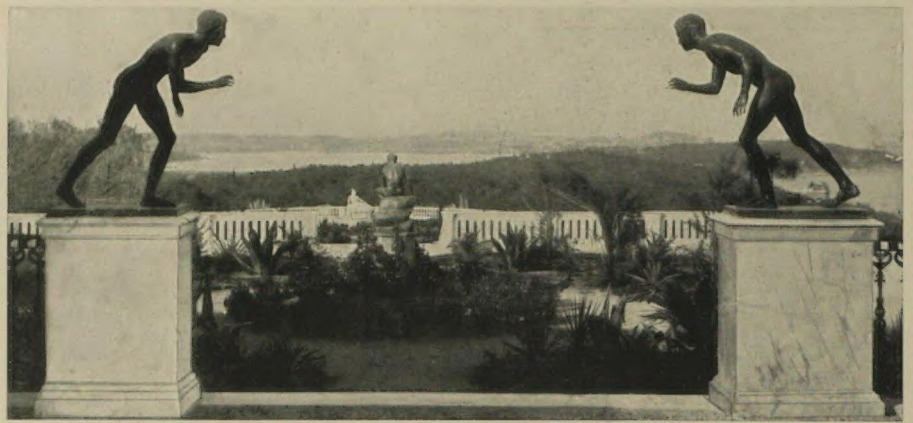
betrayed a note of jubilation, but, in the light of the foregoing official *communiqués*, their accuracy may be judged from the following statement: "The extent of the booty, which is extraordinarily great, cannot yet be estimated. The enemy losses are reported to be considerable." Constantinople was bedecked with flags to celebrate the "victory." In the House of Commons Mr. Asquith paid a high tribute to the officers who carried out the evacuation—General Sir Charles Monro, Admirals De Robeck and Wemyss, Lieut.-Generals Birdwood and Davies, and others. "Eleven guns only," said the Premier, "were left behind—not a very large number—of which 10 were worn-out 15-pounders, and before being abandoned all were rendered unfit for further service. Such of the stores and reserve ammunition which could not be removed were set on fire at the last moment; and the whole retirement was conducted with an absolute minimum of loss. This operation, taken in conjunction with the earlier retirement from Suvla and Anzac, is, I believe, without parallel in military or naval history... an achievement of which all concerned, commanding officers, officers, and men in both services, may well be proud."

THE KAISER'S "DREAM PALACE" TO HOUSE WOUNDED SERBIANS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY E.N.A.



FOR WOUNDED SERBIANS: THE ACHILLEION PALACE, CORFU—ITS ENTRANCE.



A VISTA KING PETER'S WOUNDED HEROES WILL ENJOY: THE LATE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA'S FAVOURITE VIEW FROM THE ACHILLEION GROUNDS.



REPORTED TO HAVE BEEN TAKEN OVER BY THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT FOR THE BENEFIT OF WOUNDED SERBIANS: THE KAISER'S HOLIDAY HOME IN CORFU—THE ACHILLEION PALACE.



COMMANDING "THE MOST BEAUTIFUL VIEW IN THE WORLD": THE PATIO, OR COURT, OF THE ACHILLEION PALACE.

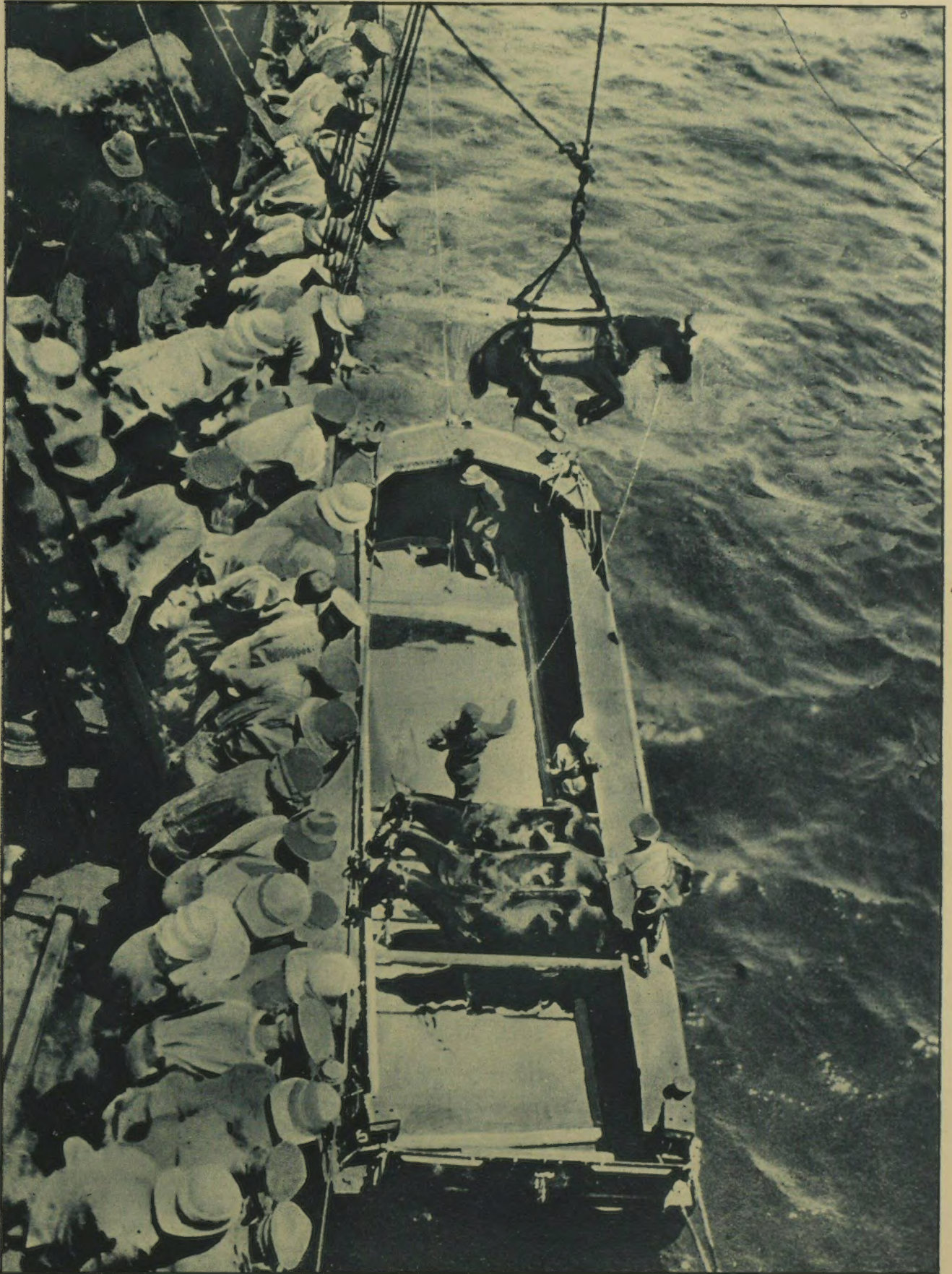


THE KAISER'S DREAM PALACE AT CORFU: THE PATIO OF THE ACHILLEION PALACE—SHOWING PART OF THE GROUNDS.

There is more than a suggestion of romance in the pending transformation of the beautiful white marble Achilleion Palace in Corfu into a haven of refuge where wounded Serbian soldiers may be nursed back to health and strength amid surroundings beautiful as a dream. The Achilleion was built for the ill-fated Empress Elisabeth of Austria, whose whole life was a romance and death a tragedy. After her assassination in 1898, the Achilleion was the subject of many rumours, and was eventually bought by the German

Emperor, who put it at the disposal of his sister, the then Crown Princess, now Queen, of Greece. For some years past the Kaiser and his family have used it as a summer holiday resort, its hundred and more rooms, its architectural beauty, and its splendid situation and surroundings, making it ideal for that purpose. It is now stated that the British Government has notified the Greek Government of its intention to take it over as a hospital for wounded Serbians.

HORSES AT SEA—HOW THEY ARE LANDED: A MUDROS SNAPSHOT.



A BRITISH TRANSPORT DISEMBARKING MOUNTS WHERE NO WHARF WAS AVAILABLE: SLINGING A HORSE OVER THE SHIP'S SIDE INTO A LIGHTER.

We illustrate the manner in which the horses for the Dardanelles Expeditionary Force were landed, at Mudros, the base in the island of Lemnos—how they were transhipped from the sea-going transports into lighters alongside, where the transports could come close in. Each horse on board, on its turn to be transhipped arriving, was firmly secured to the hoisting-tackle by slings and belly-band with breast and

breeching-straps attached. The horse was run up from the transport's horse-deck at a rapid rate to the necessary height, and then carefully and slowly lowered over the side into the vessel in waiting, where men were at hand to unsling and quieten the horse, which, on its legs first feeling the deck (prepared with a layer of straw), was apt to plunge and kick violently. Each animal was at once stalled in its place.

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL, SWAINE, BASSANO, TREBLE, TEAR, C.N., ARTHUR WINTER, LAPAVETTE, FREDERIC ROBINSON, VANDYK, AND ELLIOTT AND FRY.



LIEUT.-COMM. G. B. HARRISON, R.N.,
H.M.S. "Natal." Was Torpedo Officer (appointed in 1912), and was killed in the explosion on December 30, 1915.



LIEUT.-COMM. JOHN B. MURRAY, R.N.,
H.M.S. "Natal." Navigating Officer. Entered Service, 1896.



SURGEON DOUGLAS W. K. MOODY, M.D., R.N.,
H.M.S. "Natal." Son of Mrs. N. Moody, Hull.



COMMANDER J. HUTCHINGS, R.N.,
H.M.S. "Natal." Appointed July 1915. Had passed for Torpedo Officer. Was killed in the explosion, December 30, 1915.



CAPTAIN G. J. SCOTT,
5th Yorkshire Regiment. Member of an old Market Weighton family. Killed in action on Christmas Day.



LT. R. E. L. TREWEEKS, R.N.,
H.M.S. "Natal." Lost his life in the explosion on December 30, 1915.



LIEUT. F. H. FRIEND,
2nd Battalion, Wiltshire Regiment. Officially reported died of wounds. Was 21 years of age.



CAPTAIN REGINALD RAYNER NYE,
3rd Royal Scots. Mentioned in despatches on January 1. Son of Edwin Nye, Priory House, Godstone.



CAPTAIN W. H. E. H. PALMER,
20th Battalion, Rifle Brigade. An old Etonian and the son of the late Captain W. H. F. Palmer, 19th Hussars.



2ND LIEUT. B. H. COLLIS,
Suffolk Regiment. "Would have been recommended for decoration."



CAPT. W. H. S. HALL, R.N.,
H.M.S. "Persia." Perished gallantly with the ship. Last seen swimming in the sea.



2ND LIEUT. P. A. MARGETTS,
Lincolnshire Regiment. Held the Degrees of B.Sc. and A.L.C.P. Was married in June, 1915.



LIEUT. C. N. NEWCOMBE,
7th K.O. Yorkshire Light Infantry. Officially reported killed in action. A well-known Derbyshire cricketer and footballer.



MAJOR W. J. LAW,
7th Battalion, Lancashire Fusiliers. Special Reserve of Officers. Officially reported killed in action.



LIEUT. G. T. LANGMUIR,
48th Canadian Highlanders, Toronto. Reported missing; now reported dead.



2ND LT. COLIN H. T. DUNS-MURE,
Cameron Highlanders. M. G. Officer. Killed in action.



2ND LT. IVAN L. S. ALLAN,
7th K.O. Scottish Borderers. Elder son of Mr. John S. S. Allan, of Paisley.



CAPTAIN E. H. SALE,
10th Battalion, Gloucestershire Regiment. Officially reported from General Headquarters killed in action.



LIEUT. O. V. LE BAS,
R. West Surrey Regiment and R. Flying Corps. Killed in aeroplane fight in France.



2ND LT. H. V. WOODFORD,
Royal Berkshire Regiment. Reported missing; now reported dead.



LIEUT. H. H. MACROSTY,
Royal Field Artillery. A well-known player for Edinburgh University—Rugby half-back.

PAINTED TO DECEIVE "U" BOATS: A TRANSPORT'S FALSE "SPEED."

DRAWN BY CHARLES PEARS.



WITH A HUGE BOW WAVE PAINTED ON HER SIDES TO MAKE SUBMARINES MISJUDGE HER SPEED: A BRITISH TRANSPORT READY TO TRICK THE ENEMY.

Paint has played an important part in the protection of his Majesty's ships. The drawing shows a transport with a huge bow wave painted on her sides. Ships were painted so in order to deceive German submarines: the only means of judging the speed of the

vessel to be attacked (so quickly has a submarine to do it) is by noting the size of the bow wave she is throwing up; and the estimate means either a hit or a miss for the torpedo discharged by the underwater craft!—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY

IN QUEST OF
THE BOOKOF SACRED
SCIENCE.SEEKING THE GOLDEN FLEECE, WHICH SUIDAS BELIEVED TO BE A ROLL OF
PAPYRUS ON WHICH WAS WRITTEN THE SECRET OF GOLD-MAKING: THE ARGONAUTS.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

CONCERNING THE CAMEROONS CAMPAIGN.

THE rounding-up of the Germans in the Cameroons is causing me some anxiety in regard to the safety of an old friend of mine, who has these many years past made his home at Ebolowa, which forms the south-eastern angle of the triangle of which Yaunde forms the apex. If we may judge from the behaviour of the Germans elsewhere, I fear that his claim to the protection of the Stars and Stripes will not avail him much.

Though his own interests were mainly ornithological, I succeeded in persuading him to help me in regard to the anthropology of his district; and, as a result, have now a really valuable series of photographs of the Bulu people, by whom he was surrounded. Most of these were specially posed according to my instructions, in order that I might use his pictures for comparison with those taken for me of natives in other parts of the world. Whether I shall ever receive from him the notes as to the history and origin of these people time alone will show, for I have been unable to communicate with him since the outbreak of the war. Living as he was in a German community, ill may possibly have befallen him at the outbreak of hostilities, for he had no Consulate to fly to. The affection which the natives showed for him, and the distrust and dislike which they could not conceal for their overlords, were in themselves sufficient to jeopardise his safety. And besides, his estate would afford tempting "loot."

The people of this neighbourhood were for the most part Bulu or Fang. Of the latter I have as yet no photographs. The Bulu, as will be seen from the accompanying pictures, are a well-built race, and display little love of ornaments, wherein they differ

from so many African races. In common with so many races of the Dark Continent, they display a curious fondness for quaint fashions of dressing the hair. The children, for the most part, have the head shaved, save for isolated bands and tufts kept close-cropped. In some cases a long ridge of hair is left running along one side of

vegetable juice into the wound. This form of ornamentation is common among black races, and is as frequently adopted by the men as the women, except among the Bulu. Clothing is practically dispensed with. The women wear a minute apron of vegetable fibres, and a sort of tail of similar fibres behind; while the men are content with a girdle of string.

Of the neighbouring Fangs, who are reputed cannibals, I have no photographs yet, but Mr. Bates has sent me some delightful stories taken down as they told them at night, when camping out. One of these forms the complement to Rudyard Kipling's whimsical account of how the elephant got his trunk; for this one tells how the elephant got his tusks. It would take too long to relate here, but in a condensed form it runs as follows: The animals built a village. One of them, Okweng (a small

antelope), brought home a bride. One day she was left in the house alone, when, announcing his approach by blowing a horn, "Keng Keng," in walked Minla Minlaga, and promptly cleared the larder. When her husband came home and found the cupboard empty, he accused the bride of stealing, and sent her back to her people. Three other brides met a like experience and fate. Then the tortoise set himself to catch the robber. He set a cunningly concealed noose, in which Minla Minlaga, on his next visit, was promptly caught. Now Minla Minlaga's head was covered

with horns, so the elephant, who was interested in the capture, was asked to take part in his killing. When this was accomplished, the elephant pulled out a pair of horns and stuck them in his mouth. "Do they fit?" he asked. "Yes," said the other animals. The antelopes and buffalo came and pulled other horns and placed them on their heads. "Do they fit?" they asked. "Yes," was the response. Then the tortoise took slabs of his bony armour, and with one he covered his back and with the other his belly, and thus the tortoise got his bony shell.—W. P. PYCRAFT.

NATIVE COIFFURES AND NECK-ORNAMENTS
IN THE CAMEROONS: BULU WOMEN.

The woman on the left is wearing a collar of wart-hog tusks. The one in the centre has a coiffure resembling "a series of superimposed hats," while the one on the right wears her hair in "longitudinal tube-like masses." The photographs on this page are probably the first of the Bulu people ever published.

the crown; in others it is left to form a square mat on the top of the head; while in others again it may be cut to form a series of short transverse rows running from the forehead backwards. The hair with the men is similarly treated, though, as a rule, the crown is more covered. The women, instead of shaving the head, dress the hair in various—to us—fantastic fashions. In some it is made to form what looks like a

series of superimposed hats; in others it is made to form a series of longitudinal tube-like masses. But the precise device seems to vary with the individual. The "fashion" here, in short, is not uniformity but diversity. Some of the women wear a collar formed of the tusks of the wart-hog, or a necklace of beads; the latter is sometimes worn also by the men. Bracelets of ivory, and innumerable brass rings encasing the arms below the elbow and the legs below the knee, are fairly common forms of female decoration. They alone, in their desire for personal adornment, resort to the painful practice of scar-tattooing, which consists in raising scars forming geometrical patterns on the breast and abdomen. These scars, which form raised areas of skin, are made with a sharp-pointed knife and by rubbing a caustic

CHILDREN'S HAIR-DRESSING FASHIONS IN THE CAMEROONS:
THREE LITTLE BULU BOYS.

"The children, for the most part, have the head shaved, save for isolated bands and tufts kept close-cropped. In some cases a long ridge of hair is left running along one side of the crown."

CHILDREN'S HAIR-DRESSING FASHIONS IN THE CAMEROONS:
FOUR LITTLE BULU BOYS.

The second boy from the right has his close-cropped hair done "in a square mat on the top of the head." The one on the extreme left has his in "a series of short, transverse rows."



A SECOND "RETREAT FROM MOSCOW": THE SERBIAN RETIREMENT.



A KING WITHOUT TERRITORY: THE SERBIAN RULER CROSSING A MOUNTAIN PATH IN ALBANIA DURING THE RETREAT.

As we had occasion to note when publishing in our last issue another remarkable series of photographs of the Serbian retreat, including some of King Peter on an ammunition-wagon drawn by oxen, that veteran ruler, now for a while without a country, will assuredly find the road to exile a path to glory. His Majesty is seen here, with an aide-de-camp at his right hand, traversing on foot a snow-covered mountain-path in

Albania. He arrived recently at Salonika, coming from Valona, in Albania, in a French destroyer. It was said that he would leave in about a week for a health-resort in France. As M. Joseph Reinach said: "Albert I., the soldier-King of the Belgians, has preserved some sixty communes in his Kingdom. Peter I., the soldier-King of Serbia, is now a King without territory. They will both be envied for centuries by the Sovereigns of the greatest Empires."

PHOTOGRAPH BY R. MARIANOVITCH; SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL PRESS.

IN THE HOUR OF EXTREME PERIL FOR THE RETREATING

PHOTOGRAPHS BY R. MARIANOVITCH



1. IN THE INUNDATED DISTRICT FRINGING THE PLAIN OF KOSSOVO: A WAGON-TRAIN IN DIFFICULTIES AT A FORD OVER THE RIVER SITRITZA.

3. IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SNOWY WASTE: A FLANKING PARTY OF INFANTRY TRUDGING BESIDE A WAGON-COLUMN ON THE ROAD.

If one had seen these photographs before the war, looking at them with a casual glance, they might almost have been accepted as photographs of pictures of incidents during Napoleon's Retreat from Moscow. They were taken in the middle of November, just at the most critical moments of the Serbian retreat, when the fate of the Army as it fell back was in the balance, and the possibilities of its withdrawal to Albania were in grave doubt, while the *locale* is the neighbourhood of the battle-ground famous in Serbian history, the Plain of Kossovo. There, five centuries ago—in the year 1387—was fought the epoch-marking battle which sealed the fate of the ancient Serbian monarchy; as the result of which overwhelming defeat of the Serbian Army.

SERBS: THE CROSSING OF THE HISTORIC PLAIN OF KOSSOVO.

APPLIED BY TOPICAL.



2. WITH A DYING SOLDIER FALLEN BY THE WAY: A LINE OF ARMY WAGONS CROSSING THE SNOW-COVERED PLAIN OF KOSSOVO DURING THE RETREAT.

4. GETTING AWAY WITH GUNS THAT WERE SAVED: A SERBIAN BATTERY MAKING ITS WAY UP THE ROAD OVER MOUNT VOSHIBATZ.

the yoke of Turkish despotism became riveted on the neck of the Serbian race for generations. It will be just a hundred years ago next year that Serbia freed herself by insurrection, and became an independent principality. Snow lay thick upon the ground over the Plain of Kossovo, and the river Sitritza was in flood, and had overflowed the country far and wide, when the ill-fated horde of battle-worn Serbian soldiers, fugitive townsfolk, and panic-stricken peasant-refugees crossed it with the Germans and Bulgarians following at their heels, aiming to reach the passes into Albania beforehand, cut off the retreat, and enforce a wholesale surrender. Happily, the enemy's projected combination failed, and the supreme catastrophe for Serbia was averted.

THE SERBIAN COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF CARRIED IN A SEDAN-CHAIR: THE RETREAT THROUGH ALBANIA.

PHOTOGRAPH BY R. MARIANOVITCH; SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL.



HEADED BY THEIR LEADER, IN A CHAIR MADE BY HIS SOLDIERS: THE SERBIAN GENERAL STAFF CROSSING THE WHITE DRIN BY THE BRIDGE OF THE VIZIERS.

The chief direction of the gallant Serbian Army is in the hands of Marshal Putnik. He is a septuagenarian, feeble in body, but extremely alert in mind; and to his eternal credit are the Serbian successes—and the Serbian retreat, which, instead of being absolutely disastrous, ended with the Army at a strength of at least 200,000 men, soon to be reinforced by 150,000, and equipped by the Allies with fresh artillery. The retreat was, of course, a great trial to the veteran

Commander-in-Chief, and he had to be borne in a primitive sedan-chair made by his soldiers. The photograph shows the Serbian General Staff—headed by Marshal Putnik, in his chair—passing over the Bridge of the Viziers across the White Drin, during the retirement through Albania. It is probable that not in the whole story of the world's wars has a retreat been carried out in such dramatic conditions so far as the retiring army's Commander-in-Chief was concerned.

LIKE A PICTURE BY VERESTCHAGIN: THE MOST TERRIBLE MARCH SINCE NAPOLEON'S RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

PHOTOGRAPH BY R. MARIANOVITCH:

SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL.



AN ARMY IN EXILE: SERBIAN CAVALRY FORDING THE DRIN DURING THE RETREAT FROM PRIZREND. THROUGH THE MOUNTAIN SNOWS OF ALBANIA.

The horrors of the Serbian retreat through the desolate and snow-clad mountains of Albania recalled the sufferings of Napoleon's Grand Army in the terrible retreat from Moscow. Photographs such as the above, which shows Serbian cavalry fording the River Drin before reaching the village of Spasch, on their way from Prizrend to Scutari, suggest some of the pictures of the Napoleonic disaster by the famous Russian painter, Verestchagin. The Serbians poured into Albania along the so-called road that leads to the junction of the Black and White Drin. In describing the retreat, an American correspondent who witnessed it, Mr. Louis Edgar Browne, of the "Chicago Daily News," has said: "The last stand of the Serbian Army was made at Prizrend. . . . After five days of bloody battle, the Serbians, having fired their last shell, spiked their guns and then fled . . . through a narrow path

where the River Drin cuts into the Albanian mountains. . . . In the fastnesses of the snow-clad, barren, uninhabited Albanian mountains there exist large bands of Serbians fighting a glorious guerrilla warfare. . . . On the route were only a few scattered Albanian one-room houses. . . . there was absolutely no shelter available against the zero weather. For a considerable part of the journey the snow was a yard deep. . . . They waded nine seasons so deep that the water came up to their armpits. The men's clothing froze, but they did not dare to stop to build fires. Fearing death from hunger they plunged on day and night. Many horses arrived at Scutari with the first few contingents, but they were absolutely broken, starved beasts, and all lame. Later, no horses arrived at all, as they had been killed for food."

RUSSIA.

BY DR. E. J. DILLON.

WHATEVER activity makes itself felt in the Tsardom outside of the Army and the auxiliary departments is concentrated upon schemes for comprehensive internal reform. Critics of the present political structure are many, and their task is easy. But creative spirits, men of high purpose and clear insight into the conditions and needs of the people, men who are capable of devising a new social and political framework adapted to the Russian race, might be counted on the fingers of one hand.

Among publicists, there are at least two—Beredyayeff and Trubetzkoy, who have approved themselves clever analysts, men qualified to diagnose the malady and, perhaps, also to prescribe a remedy. But, owing to their lack of practical experience, even they are at best speculative philosophers. It is a fact, however, that their influence is quickening the activity of their countrymen and firing their ambition to break down all those secular trammels which, since the days of Peter the Great, have narrowed, without intensifying, the stream of social and political progress. They belong to a school of which A. I. Gutchkoff, the ex-Speaker of the Duma, is one of the leading and most practical spirits. The sum of their efforts is the definite commencement of a vast change in the political conformation of Russia, of which her Western allies have hardly even a faint conception. To the merits just enumerated they join this other, that in dealing with the transformation of old Russia into the new, their scope is not circumscribed by the requirements of their countrymen as of a self-contained people; they also make large allowances in their plan of reform for the necessity of so designing the new organisation that it may be readily harmonised with those of the more advanced political communities of the West. And here we have, perhaps, the most difficult and certainly the most interesting aspect of this complex problem.

In the long list of the Emperor's titles the first is Tsar of *all the Russias*. And, in truth, the Russias are many. From the point of view of reform, however, it may suffice to distinguish two: one which, created by Peter the Great, was varnished and embellished by Catherine, and illumined by a galaxy of native poets and novelists; and the old Russia which continued to wend its own way, heedless of innovations from the West, assimilating as little as might be of the new order, yet undergoing withal the Western influences unconsciously. The centre of the former was Petersburg, and its political aspect was Teutonic; that of the latter was Moscow, and its culture was Slav.

Together with Peter's radical reforms, a psychical poison was infiltrated into some of the main centres of the national conscience, a poison which, deadening the sensibility of the nation, enabled the German parasite to worm himself into the body politic without inflicting pain. At the same time, some of the principal organs of self-protection, such as the aristocracy, the clergy, the provincial Parliament (zemsky Sobor) were atrophied. And then, to use the figure of speech of an eminent Russian publicist, the parasite laid its eggs in the living flesh of the Russian nation.

The continuity of each of the two Russias is typified in its own peculiar institutions and processes, of which bureaucratic centralisation and German interpenetration, on the one hand, and the holding of land in common* on the other hand, are the most salient.

Now, although each has influenced the other—parties and principles being ever on the move—they had reached different stages of decay when the Manchurian campaign and its sequel dealt a stunning shock to each. One of the consequences of the present struggle will be to fuse and transform them both.

Russia is a land of amazing contradictions. The soul of the sensitive, generous people, which lives through faith in the larger life to come, is encased in a misshapen body politic, with few and inadequate organs, as though the spirit of a fairy were incarnate in a crab. By nature averse to all authority, political or spiritual, the Russians have developed a vast and powerful Government, which long stood for the most perfect type of absolutism in modern times. Anarchic in its leanings, the nation is ruled by a bureaucracy which has spread itself like a mighty net over the Empire, holding persons and things in its fine meshes. Nationalism, in the narrow sense of the term, is not a native creation; on the contrary, the Russian is prone to merge the nation in the larger family of humanity, and to look upon the interests of the two as indivisible.

* Since Stolypin's agrarian reform the number of Russian peasant proprietors has increased enormously.

And yet nationalism, in its least reputable form, has been grafted on certain sections of the people and, thanks to the action of the subtle German poison, has brought forth bitter fruit. The very Church, commonly called Catholic, has itself become nationalised and fossilised. The subconscious longing of the genuine Russian is for the removal of all restraints and checks, for such anarchy as would have satisfied William Blake. But the powerful political organism which lies outside the people has made short work of individual liberty. At this very moment, when the Russian nation, as represented by rural boards, district and provincial councils, and members of the Duma, is exerting itself ungrudgingly to keep the Army well supplied with everything needed, the champions of the bureaucratic system are clamouring to have this initiative suppressed! These antinomies are accounted

almost unfit for choosing an arduous life-task with far-off issues, and working at it in the plodding fashion of the Teuton or the Bulgar. Rich in old-world memories, endowed with intense racial characteristics, the Russian people clings pertinaciously to its inborn ideas and inbred prejudices. Hence the German, with his gift of organisation, his love of method and his capacity for ceaseless toil, found in Russia a fruitful field for his parasitic activity.

The moral forces of the nation, Beredyayeff tells us, "have not yet become immanent in the cultural life of European humanity. In the eyes of Western humanity, Russia is still a quaint Orient which now attracts by its enigma, and now repels by its barbarism. The Russian state has long been looked upon as a Great Power, which holds a high place in international politics. But the moral culture of the nation—this pith of life, in comparison to which the Government is but the outer shell—is far from occupying the same position of a Great Power in the world."

"Russia's soul, unlike her diplomacy, is powerless to dictate terms to the nations, for the Slav race does not occupy the position to which the Latin and Teuton races have attained. And that is what must be changed after the present struggle. This war must culminate in a vast union of the East with the West, and what has been achieved heretofore in the depths of the Russian soul will forthwith cease to be provincial, isolated, hidden. For this change the potential forces of the country have long been maturing. The War of 1914 must transform and fuse Orient and Occident more thoroughly than did the War of 1812."

It is certain that neither the Eastern nor the Western current can claim to be the expression of what is best and most durable in the soul of the Russian people. The former has become semi-Teutonic, while the latter has degenerated into an official and moribund Slavophilism. In truth, Russia partakes of East and West; is, in fact, the link that connects, rather than sunders, the two. The War has brought this truth into sharp relief, has sped the process of welding, and bids fair to furnish the means of embodying the result in appropriate institutions. The virile principle of Germanism had invaded the Empire, seized first the organs, and then the souls of the passive Slav race. German schools had sprung up throughout the country, German newspapers fanned the fire of Teutonic patriotism, German banks canalised the wealth of the Empire and turned the fertilising stream upon German industry and commerce there. The administration was carried on by Teutons, some of whom could hardly converse in the native tongue. In short, the people was slowly familiarising itself with the idea, which it construed as the will of Fate, that Russia should not merely be ruled by German influences, but civilised by German "Kultur." Another fifteen or twenty years, and Teuton interpenetration would have completed its work.

The so-called Petersburg period of Russian history is a record of this uninterrupted process. The worst features in the administration throughout those two hundred years, the withering hatred evinced by the authorities towards the spread of knowledge, the suppression of political activity, the strangling of the right of public speech, the drastic punishments meted out to enterprising individuals who dared to display an interest in the transaction of national affairs, are all traceable to that subtle and sinister German influence which permeated all departments of public life. The nation which, suddenly taught by disaster, now begins to see deeper into the spirit of its public institutions and their workings, is become conscious of the appalling danger which it has barely escaped. And the significance of the vast movement now afoot, which seems foredoomed to dissipate that stifling atmosphere of bureaucracy, lies in its starting-point—namely, the contention that Teutonic Kultur, against which Russia's gallant soldiers are now fighting in the field, is akin to certain features of the system of Government against which many of her sons have, for two centuries, been struggling on the scaffold, in prisons, in Siberia, and Sakhalien. They spring from the same source, and flow in the same direction.

This identification of the internal and external enemies of the nation is characterised as ominous, by Russians. To the student of contemporary history it offers a clue to the nature and trend of the mighty forces, negative and constructive, of a preter-evolutionary character which, at present barely inchoate, will not, one hopes, reach their full momentum until the close of the present war.



IN RESERVE BEHIND THE FIGHTING LINE, AWAITING THEIR TURN TO GO TO THE FRONT: RUSSIAN SOLDIERS IN THEIR QUARTERS—AT MEAL-TIME.

for by writers like Beredyayeff, and those of his school, as effects of coma of the individuality, which is one of the consequences of the Teutonic poison. The Russian individual, naturally sluggish and wont to exhaust his energy in barren speculation, readily abandoned constructive work to others, and looked listlessly on while a vast bureaucratic organism emerged from anarchy. Beredyayeff holds that of all European peoples the Russians are the least political. And the statement cannot be gainsaid. Like sands of the sea,



THE RELIGION THAT ANIMATES THE RUSSIAN ARMY AND THE PEOPLE: AN IMPROVISED CHURCH IN A PEASANT'S HOUSE, WITH A PRIEST OFFICIATING.

they lack cohesiveness. In the days of yore, when internal feuds were decimating them, they despatched messengers abroad to invite a prince of administrative capacity and firmness of will to govern them: "Great and immense is our land," they said, "but there is no order there." That was the first appeal to the foreigner.

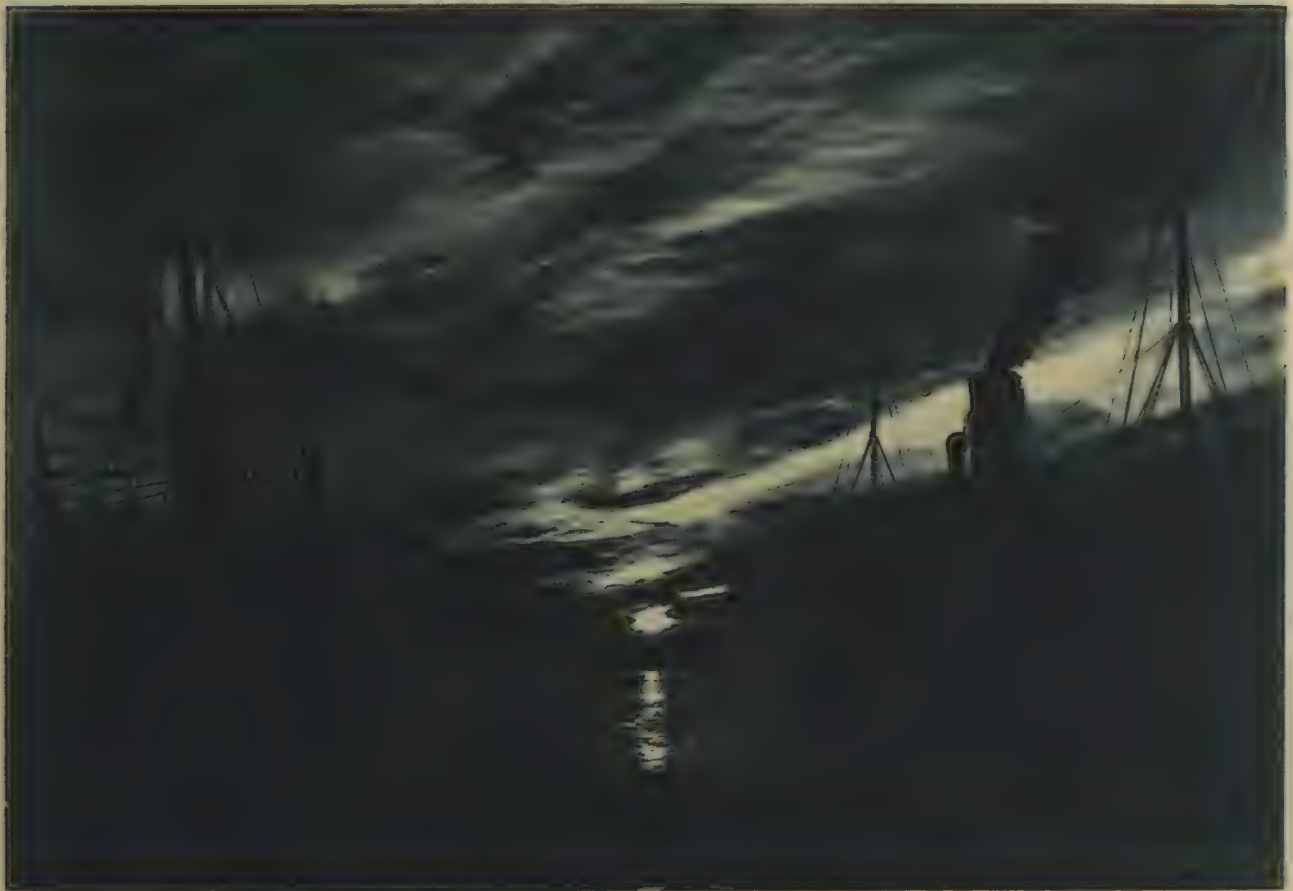
There is something soft and feminine, a strong, developed receptivity, in the Russian character, which

HISTORY IN THE MAKING: REMARKABLE SALONIKA PHOTOGRAPHS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES H. HARE.



"REINFORCEMENTS ARE ARRIVING AT SALONIKA": A TRANSPORT AT THE PORT AT WHICH THE ALLIES ARE MUSTERING.



WHERE POWERS OF THE WEST ARE GATHERING FOR THE LIBERATION OF SERBIA: TRANSPORTS AT SALONIKA.

It is being noted constantly that reinforcements for the Allies are disembarking at Salonika, and a message from Athens the other day said: "The Allied Forces at Salonika await the enemy with confidence. . . . The Allies at Salonika number 200,000, well equipped and perfectly entrenched, and the staffs are convinced that the enemy, in case of attack, will lose heavily and gain nothing." Meantime, it is obvious that the complete evacuation of the Gallipoli Peninsula by the British and French suggests clearly, among other things, that the Allies are determined to

hold Salonika. That they will be able to do so, there can be no doubt. As the "Times" had it the other day: "The ancient and renowned city where the Powers of the West are now rapidly mustering their forces for the liberation of Serbia and the protection of the Near East has witnessed great events and suffered many vicissitudes in the two-and-twenty centuries that have passed since the brother-in-law of Alexander the Great restored it and named it after his wife, Thessalonika." Now, once more, history is being made in it.

WAR IN THE SNOW-CLAD VOSGES: SCENES OF FRANCO-GERMAN FIGHTING NEAR THE HARTMANNSWEILERKOPF.



WHERE THE "BLUE DEVILS" WON BACK LOST GROUND IN FIERCE HAND-TO-HAND ENCOUNTERS: THE LINGEKOPF (ON THE LEFT), THE SCHRATZMAENNEL (IN THE CENTRE), AND (ON THE RIGHT) THE GLADE BETWEEN THAT HEIGHT AND THE DARRENKOPF—IN THE FOREGROUND, THE LINGE RAVINE.



ALTERNATELY IN FRENCH AND GERMAN HANDS SINCE THE EARLY DAYS OF THE WAR: THE SHELL-SCARRED SUMMIT OF THE HARTMANNSWEILERKOPF A FEW DAYS BEFORE THE RECENT FIGHTS.



PART OF THE ENEMY POSITIONS COUNTER-ATTACKED BY THE FRENCH CHASSEURS: A VIEW OF THE GERMAN LINES ON THE DARRENKOPF SEEN FROM ABOVE THE FRENCH CHEVAUX DE FRISE.

The French recently renewed their activity in the Vosges, and a week or two ago achieved a notable success at the Hartmannsweilerkopf, a commanding peak near Thann, whose summit has been alternately in French and German possession since the early days of the war. A Paris *communiqué* of December 29 stated: "In the Vosges there was a somewhat lively cannonade at different points. . . . The fire was very violent in the region of the Hartmannsweilerkopf. Notwithstanding violent enemy counter-attacks, the action which began yesterday left us at the end of the day masters of a series of German works between the Rehelsen and the Hirsstein, in addition to the trenches already lost by the enemy. . . . The total number of able-bodied prisoners taken since the beginning of the operations is 1668. According to the unanimous reports of prisoners, the German losses during our attack of the 21st and the following days were heavy." It may be recalled that on October 12 the Germans assaulted the Hartmannsweilerkopf in force. Their preliminary bombardment reduced what was left of the forest to a shapeless mass of gaping chasms filled with dead bodies and broken weapons and accoutrements. For a time the Germans gained the much-contested

summit of the mountain, but after a fierce hand-to-hand struggle the French recaptured it and succeeded in keeping it. At the same time the Germans made an equally strong attack on the crest of the Linge and the quarries of Schratzmaennle which divide it into two parts. They were repulsed by the *mitrailleuses* of the French Chasseurs—the famous Diables Bleus—who by a furious counter-attack all along the line from the Linge to the Barrenkopf won back all the ground the enemy had temporarily gained. More recently these heights have constantly figured in the French *communiqués*. One, dated December 23, said: "A snowstorm interrupted the operations in the afternoon. The enemy violently bombarded the northern slopes and the summit of the Hartmannsweilerkopf." Four days later we read: "To the north of Linge, our artillery succeeded in demolishing a battery and concealed machine-guns. We also successfully bombarded enemy trenches on the Schratzmaennle." On January 9 it was stated that the Germans had captured a little hill near the Hirsstein, from whose summit the French troops had consequently been withdrawn.

THE "SEE-SAW" HARTMANNSWEILERKOPF FIGHT: GERMAN PRISONERS.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH BY THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION OF THE FRENCH ARMY. DRAWING BY GEORGES SCOTT.



SOME OF THE 1668 GERMANS CAPTURED BY THE FRENCH DURING RECENT OPERATIONS IN THE VOSGES: PRISONERS TAKEN AT THE HARTMANNSWEILERKOPF MARCHING PAST GENERAL DUBAIL.



AFTER A RECENT FRENCH VICTORY IN THE VOSGES: GERMAN PRISONERS CAPTURED AT THE HARTMANNSWEILERKOPF ARRIVING AT REMIREMONT ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

As mentioned under our double-page of photographs of the Hartmannsweilerkopf and neighbouring hills in the Vosges, that peak has been disputed between the French and the Germans almost since the war began, and the possession of it has alternated from one to the other in see-saw fashion. Between December 21 and 28 the French took 1668 prisoners. At the moment of writing a German success in this district has been reported. A *Paris communiqué* of January 9 stated: "South of the Hartmannsweilerkopf, after a series of fruitless attacks following on a violent bombardment, the Germans succeeded in

taking possession of a little hill to the north of the summit of the Hirzstein. In these circumstances our troops occupying that summit were withdrawn. From the evidence collected it is clear that our very accurate curtain fire inflicted serious losses on the enemy. The artillery struggle continues." The German official account of this action stated: "On the Hirzstein we succeeded yesterday (the 8th) in recapturing the last of the trenches which fell into the hands of the enemy on December 21 last. We captured 20 officers and 1083 Chasseurs."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



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LADIES' PAGE.

THERE are observations in the prefaces to both the leading "Peerages" for the new year on the number of titles that are or will become extinct by the gallant but sad deaths of their holders or heirs at the front. The fact is referred to that a number of these extinguished titles will be allowed to fade out of our history, notwithstanding that the owners falling in the country's service leave surviving daughters or sisters. We smile patronisingly at the Chinese man who will always reply, if he be asked how many "children" he has, by giving the number of his sons alone; but in the practical matter of inheritance of titles, and in some circumstances of landed estates also, Englishmen are precisely on a par with the Chinese in this matter. Yet such was not always the case. It is strange indeed that in old peerage grants—those conferred in feudal times, when the position of a Peer carried with it not merely the honourable obligation to fight for the country to which so many of our young aristocrats are now answering, but an absolute legal obligation on the Peer to raise and train and lead troops to serve the King in war—in those days a man's daughters were not ignored. The older peerages were generally made to descend to female children if no male children were in existence.

Our throne still follows the old law in this respect, but the bad custom has grown up in regard to peerages of pretending that female descendants cannot carry on the father's race—though everybody who studies the question, even to the degree of "setting" canaries' eggs, knows full well that this is not the truth. As a special great favour, this absurd notion has been set aside in a few cases; and the present Lady Roberts, Lady Wolseley, and Lady Strathcona are Peeresses as the respective daughters of the illustrious men who gained those titles. But there will be now numerous instances of an old title either becoming extinct or passing away from the direct line of the holder, merely because a Peer, losing his life or his heir in the war, leaves only daughters. It is suggested that the King should specially create the daughter or sister of a Peer who dies on war service the holder of a new peerage with the same title. But surely the better course would be in future to cease to be Chinese, and revert to the true old English custom of making all hereditary honours, like the crown, descend to a man's girl children when he leaves no sons. In those older times, too, an heiress conferred her title on the man she married, as a man does now on his wife, and it passed on to their eldest son in due course. This was undoubtedly the custom, the most conspicuous instance being that of the Princess of Wales who was mother of Richard II.; she was Countess of Kent in her own right, and thus had made her husband the Earl of Kent. Years after his death, she ordered in her will that she should be buried, not beside her royal husband the Black Prince, but "in the grave of my late husband the Earl of Kent."



A PICTURESQUE EVENING DRESS

The bodice and panier are of pale-blue Pompadour silk; the tunic is of orchid pink, trimmed with dull silver; while the underskirt is composed of dull silver embroidery edged round with white fur.

So many ladies nowadays speak in public than an observation made by the late eminent tragedian Salvini is interesting to us. He was trained for Grand Opera, and had achieved much success as a singer, when he decided to transfer his efforts to the legitimate drama. He then made up his mind that the care and development of the speaking voice was incompatible with that of the singing voice, and determined never to sing again. This fixed itself in my memory, because I had previously come to the same conclusion for myself. Young women who expect to use the speaking voice much, whether as teachers, actresses, or in the varied forms of oratory that may be opened to women in the future, may do well to ponder upon this point. It is unfortunate that women so often carry the mischievous amateur spirit in which they undertake housework into other avocations. Miss Nightingale was continually fulminating against this error. "Ninety-tenths of the failures of women," she says, "come from their considering themselves exempt from the training that is recognised as necessary in the case of men." In regard to singing, we have to some extent abandoned this foolishness. But how many women get up, on the stage even, and yet more on the platform, and presume to address large numbers of people without having given the slightest study or thought to the art of producing or "placing" the speaking voice! However, as Napoleon said with regard to war, "Incompetent people have this great advantage over the able—that they are always entirely pleased with themselves."

It is at present fashionable to make the full-skirted coat to come a little longer than three-quarter length, and to have smart and appropriate boots to meet the fur-trimmed edge of the coat. There is usually very little indication of the outline of the figure; the coat is just shaped in to narrow from the wide flowing hem to the arms, and the shoulder is closely outlined, while a fur *four-de-cou* embraces the neck closely. There are, however, coats—and perhaps these are the newest models—that have a distinct waist, not by any means a tight line, but enough to make a distinction between the body and the skirt part of the coat. Russian coats—that is, fastening up one side, usually the left, and provided with a very wide and quite loose waist-belt—are also fashionable. These full-skirted coats are rather heavy if lined all through, unless a very light material is used; so some that look very business-like, in serge or moulton or "fur-substitute cloth," are found to be lined with fragile printed silk. Others, and this is more practical, are only half-lined; the fur edging that is usually put round the bottom of full coats is adequate to make the well-cut garment fall in suitable folds. Brocaded velvet is making coats ready for spring. Capes, it is said, are to be much worn in the warmer weather; and hoods are to be placed upon these shoulder-capes, lined with a contrasting colour. Of course, full skirts, so far but little seen, will become more general in the spring; for when new clothes are necessary they are naturally made in the mode of the moment; and capes are usually in vogue at the same time as full, swirling skirts. FILOMENA

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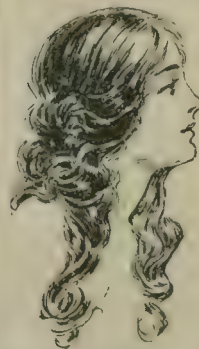
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NEW BOOKS FROM THE ATHENS OF THE NORTH.

IN the art of book-production Mr. T. N. Foulis, of London, Edinburgh, and Boston, has struck a distinctive note, which is maintained in his new publications for this season. First on the list, by virtue both of size and the fact that it is a new book and not a reprint, is a remarkably interesting volume of Scottish reminiscences, "Life Jottings of an Old Edinburgh Citizen," by Sir J. H. A. Macdonald, P.C., K.C.B., Lord Justice-Clerk (Foulis). Sir John's memories go back to early Victorian days (he was born in 1836), and his first chapter describes a visit of Queen Victoria to Edinburgh in 1842. His book is not a ponderous autobiography with long extracts from diaries, but a succession of pictures and anecdotes really drawn from memory. He compares it to a quilt—"a thing of shreds and patches," and it has the brightness and diversity of such a composition. It is full of personal sketches and anecdotes. Among countless other topics, he tells of the early days of railways and the vehicles they superseded; of old Edinburgh fashions, costumes, and characters; of the city's distinguished men, education and legal life, historic occasions, and the story of the old Volunteer movement. Thus he brings us down to the beginning of the present war, when he found himself, nearly an octogenarian, "once more drilling men in my old age." Sir John is especially interested in the architecture and antiquities of Edinburgh, and has some strong remarks to make on the vandalism, official and otherwise, of other days, and the danger of similar vandalism in the future. No book on Edinburgh would be complete without a reference to Robert Louis Stevenson. Sir John's allusion is brief but extremely interesting: "When he was a young man," he writes, "I knew him well. Professor and Mrs. Fleming Jenkin were very eager amateur actors, and in their house in Great Stuart Street established a very good stage, on which many Shakespearean plays,

both tragic and comic, were produced, and Stevenson often had a part in the performance. Once, not in their house, but in the Misses Mairs' (great-granddaughters of Sarah Siddons), I was set to take part in the trial scene in 'The Merchant of Venice.' It may sound funny, but I was asked to play Shylock, and I did, to Robert Louis' Antonio, and he paid me the compliment of saying afterwards that the expression of 'lodged hate,' as

reproductions in photogravure of various prints and engravings of old Edinburgh scenes and characters.

Next we have a delightful edition of Borrow's "Laven-gro," with illustrations in colour by Edmund J. Sullivan (Foulis). It is unnecessary, of course, to say anything here by way of introduction to Borrow's masterpiece. It is enough to remark that it is a type of book which lends itself admirably to this kind of edition, and that the format

is all that could be desired. In his twelve water-colours, Mr. Sullivan has well interpreted the spirit of the text, and they are in themselves of high artistic quality.

Another charming reprint of a famous book is Cardinal Manning's edition of the "Little Flowers of St. Francis." The translation, as the Cardinal mentions in his preface, was made by three ladies (the Marchesa di Salvo, Lady Georgiana Fullerton, and the Rev. Mother Sub-Prioress of the Franciscan Convent at Hayswater). The book is illustrated by eight colour-plates in an appropriately simple and medieval manner from paintings by F. Cayley-Robinson. One of the plates also forms part of the attractive cover-design, which has a decorative border of flowers.

A grotesque cover-design of gaudy hues, which the aesthetic lady in "Patience" would call "primary colours," suggesting a mixture of the Japanese and Futuristic manner of decoration, is a feature of two other new books from the house of Foulis. "Corners of Grey Old Gardens," with illustrations in colour by Margaret Waterfield; and "A Book of Sundials and their Mottos," with eight illus-

trations in colour by Alfred Rawlings, and thirty-six drawings of some famous sundials by Warrington Hogg. The former is a little prose anthology of garden essays, ancient and modern. The little colour-plates are pretty and appropriate. In the "Book of Old Sundials" the black-and-white drawings are better adapted to the subject than the colour-plates, in which the dials are rather overshadowed by their surroundings. In only a few instances, unfortunately, is the locality of the sundial given.



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interpreted in my face, was convincing. He and I walked home together that night, and severely criticised some performances of others, as possibly others did ours. I little thought then that I was side by side with one who was to carry forward the literary fame of Edinburgh into yet another generation. I never saw him again after that night." The illustrations, twenty-six in number, are not the least interesting feature of the book. The frontispiece is Herkimer's portrait of the author; the rest are

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Saxon Cars. I am sorry to find my correspondent at San Francisco misled me by stating that Mr. Ford, "the Peacemonger," had taken an interest in the Saxon Motor Company. I owe this firm a full apology, as Mr. Harry Ford of that company is in no way related to or connected with the "maker of perambulators," who has no interest whatever in the Saxon Company. Therefore, British motorists may buy Saxon cars without any qualms of conscience that they are contributing to Mr. Henry Ford's prosperity.

Free Tuition. An excellent method of helping our gallant men "broke in the wars" has been organised by Captain Stenson Cooke, the secretary of the Automobile Association. The A.A. is particularly happily placed to do good owing to its countless representatives living in all parts of the United Kingdom and Ireland. Especially is this so on account of so large a number of the "trade" being included in its membership. Consequently, when "Cookie" came and told me that the Automobile Association had decided to give free tuition in motor-driving and the care of the machine to fifty men invalided out of the Army as unfit for further service, and also unable to carry on their previous business, I felt sure that success would attend their efforts. In the first place, as the A.A. have district headquarters in Edinburgh, Dublin, Leeds, Manchester, and other such places, besides London, as well as agents in nearly every sizeable village, candidates for this free tuition can be dealt with close to their own homes, so no great travelling expenses will be incurred, and the pupils will get better individual instruction. Roughly, the scheme is to examine each candidate at the depot nearest to his home, or where he is living at the time of his application, to see if he is physically fit enough to do the ordinary driver-mechanic's work and to ascertain why he cannot go back to his former employment. Then, when these points are satisfactorily got over, the men will be taught to drive and look after pleasure-cars, motor-cabs, and commercial motor-vehicles, so that they may obtain situations as drivers of any of the varied types of motor-vehicles. As a rule, the motor schools only deal with the pleasure side

of motoring, but the A.A. scheme intends to deal with the demand for commercial-vehicle drivers as well. Members of the A.A. who visit the hospitals should therefore keep their eyes open for men whom this scheme will benefit, and inform the A.A. of likely candidates.

Boosting Racing. According to Dario (Dolly) Resta, who has returned to England with his pockets filled with American dollars, the success of the motor racing-tracks in the United States is entirely due to the enormous boosting these motordromes have received

the United States, however, the arrival of a driver on the track would be heralded by flaring headlines in the papers; his photograph and the inevitable interview would appear, whether the actual formality had taken place or not. Preliminary speed runs would be arranged to determine the order in which the cars should start, and so extra attractions to bring crowds to the course, and work them up to a high state of interest in the actual race, were utilised to their fullest extent—a tip to Brooklands for the future, when racing starts again after the war.

British Assembling.

I notice that recently the Manchester assembling shops of the Ford Company have been trying to make capital out of their works being "controlled" as an excuse for their support by British motorists. This is all nonsense, as in a letter sent to me from their works, dated Dec. 20, it is claimed that, during the week of forty-eight working hours just completed, of 620 cars made—i.e., assembled—the record for one day of less than eight hours was 151 cars. That does not leave much room for producing munitions, and so this, like all the other methods, is simply another endeavour to persuade our motorists here to buy their wares. All the fitters and hands at this factory could find jobs at other works, where they are wanted badly, so the plea of providing work for British labour is about as thin as it well could be.

W. W.



THE SAXON LIGHT CAR: A LOW-PRICED AMERICAN CAR WHICH IS BECOMING INCREASINGLY POPULAR IN THIS COUNTRY.

from the Press of that country. Here in England, Brooklands was a financial failure, and but for the sportsmanlike tenacity of Mr. Locke-King would have had to shut up years ago. There enormous crowds are gathered to these courses, and are worked up to a high pitch of excitement by the newspaper men, who are reputed to be not always as particular as they might be in the methods they adopt. These, however, are productive of big gates to witness even the practising of the competitors, a thing entirely unknown in this country, as seldom a dozen spectators ever troubled to go down to Brooklands to watch the preparation spins of the big racing machines there. In

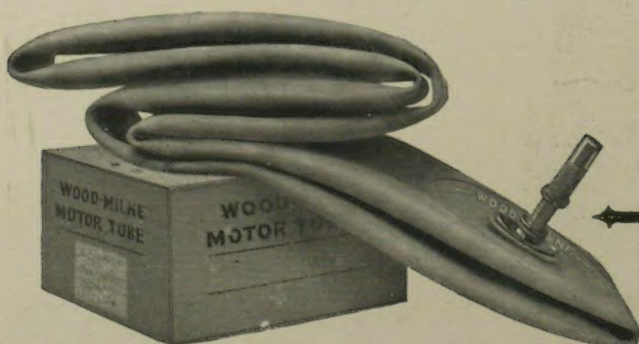
and Diary for 1916," issued under the direction of the Society (83, Pall Mall, S.W.) by Messrs. Charles Letts and Co., and obtainable through any bookseller. It is produced in a handy waistcoat-pocket size, in two bindings—waterproof plumbeous at 1s., and leather at 2s. Preceding the actual diary is a most useful and compact body of information likely to be required by Red Cross workers in France and elsewhere, including Geneva Convention and other regulations, first aid, health, and cookery notes, French phrases, a daily wants dictionary, etc.—in fact, a nursing "Whitaker" in miniature. A charming portrait of Queen Alexandra forms a frontispiece.

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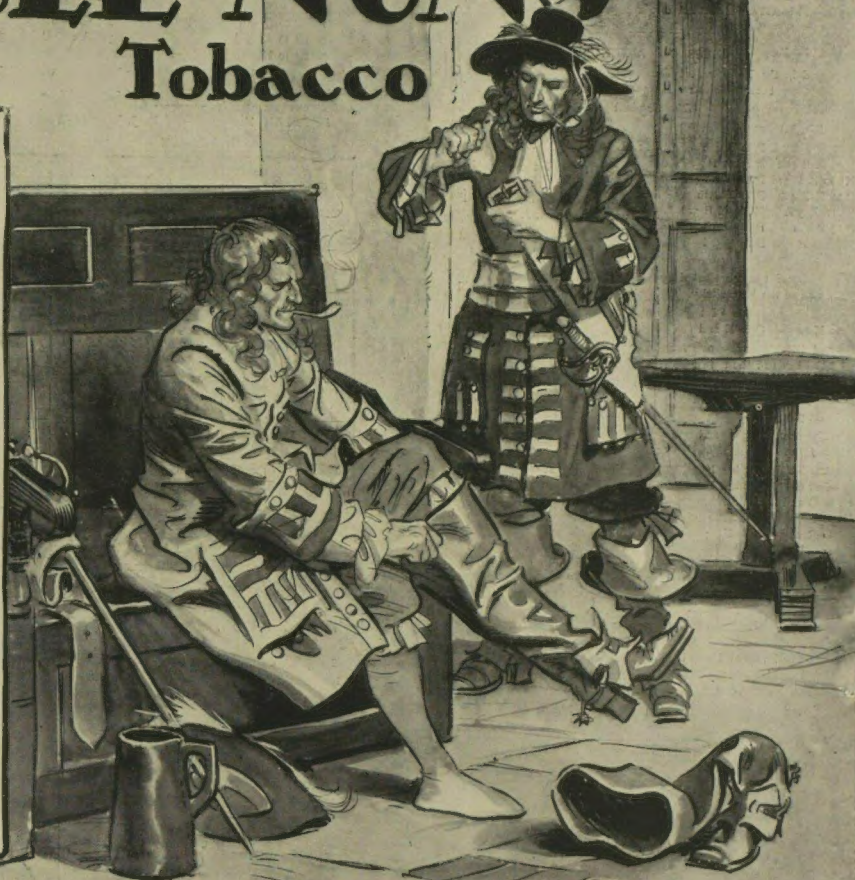
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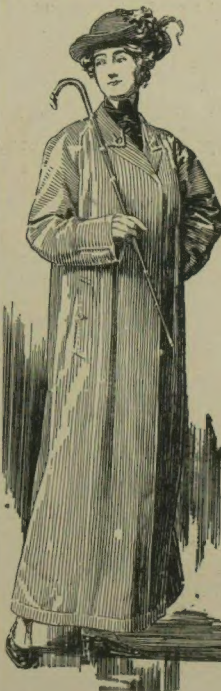
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CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

WALTER D CHAMBERS (Amulance Train, B.E.F., France).—We have done as you requested.

N M P (H.E.F., France).—We are glad to have given you any pleasure, slight though it must be. Any other contribution, of course, will have our fullest consideration.

J FOWLER.—There is no second solution of Problem No. 3722, by 1. Q to Kt 7th. It is not often you fall into a trap.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the Rice Gambit Tourney of the Empire City Chess Club, between Messrs. LASKER and BRESNER.

(Rice Gambit).

WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. R.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K Kt 4th
4. P to K R 4th	P to Kt 5th
5. Kt to K 5th	Kt to K B 3rd
6. B to B 4th	P to Q 4th
7. P takes P	B to Q 3rd
8. Castles	

The Rice Gambit is constituted by this variation of the Kieseritzky.

8.	B takes Kt
9. R to K sq	Q to K 2nd

This and Black's next move form the essential basis of the defence.

10. P to B 3rd	Kt to R 4th
11. P to Q 4th	Kt to Q 2nd
12. B to Kt 5th	K to B sq

Again the correct reply, and better than K to Q sq.

13. B takes Kt	B takes B
14. R takes B	Q takes P
15. Kt to Q 2nd	Kt to Kt 6th
16. Kt to B sq	B to Kt 4th
17. Kt to R 2nd	R to K sq
18. Q takes P	Q takes Q
19. Kt takes Q	R takes R
20. Kt takes R	Kt to K 7th (ch)

Black's plan of campaign is quite obvious; he is playing a war of attrition, and relies on his King's Pawns to succeed in the end.

22. R takes Kt	P to K B 3rd
23. Kt to Kt 4th	K to B 2nd
24. P to B 4th	B to Q 2nd
25. Kt to R 2nd	R to K Kt sq
26. R to B 3rd	K to Kt 3rd
27. P to B 5th	K to B 4th
28. R to Q Kt 3rd	P to Kt 3rd
29. P takes P	B takes P
30. R to Q B 3rd	R to Q B sq
31. R takes R	B takes R
32. Kt to B 3rd	K to K 5th
33. K to K 2nd	K takes P
34. K to B 2nd	B to Kt 5th
35. K to K and	K to K 5th
36. K to Q 2nd	B takes Kt
37. P takes B (ch)	K takes Q P

White resigns. The game was awarded a special prize for the best win by Black, and admirably demonstrates the unsoundness of the opening. We hope to give in a further issue the best game won by White.

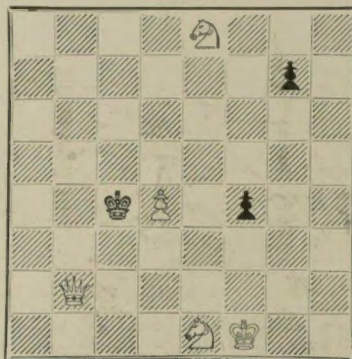
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3722 received from E W Holdbrook (Lewisham), F G Shaw (Hampstead), M E Onslow (Bournemouth), A H Arthur (Bath), J Fortescue, J J Dennis (Gosport), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Salford), F J Overton (Sutton Coldfield), B Kilner (Huddersfield), L Chomé La Roque, Dormonca, H A L S, T T Gurney (Cambridge), Rev. J Christie (Redditch), H Grasset Baldwin (Kensington), J Smart, Stanley Walters (York), J S Forbes (Brighton), F Milbank, A W Hamilton Gell (Exeter), Blair H Cochrane (Harting), and J F G Pietersen (Kingswinford).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3723.—By G. STILLINGFLEET JOHNSON.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to Q 2nd	P to B 6th
2. Kt to Kt 3rd	Q takes Q P
3. Kt to Kt 6th (mate).	

R Black play 1. P to Kt 6th. 2. Kt to B 3rd; if 1. Q takes Kt P, 2. Kt to Kt 3rd; and if 1. P takes B P, then 2. Kt to B 3rd, etc.

PROBLEM No. 3725.—By E. J. WINTER-WOOD.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

The accounts of Carreras, Ltd., after writing off all advertising for the year, show an available balance of £82,103 10s. 7d. The directors recommend a dividend at the rate of 13 per cent. per annum for the half-year, making 10 per cent. for the year ended Oct. 31, 1915. They also place to reserve £25,000, making the amount now standing to reserve £75,000, and carry forward £29,201 4s. 7d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE two weekly issues of the *Aeroplane* for Dec. 29, 1915, and Jan. 5, make their appearance as Special Naval and Military Numbers. They give a very useful summary of the achievements of the Flying Services for the past year, month by month, both on land and sea. The doings of the airmen of all the Armies in the Field are included in the record, which deals with events in Europe, at the Dardanelles, in Egypt, in Mesopotamia, as well as in the Colonial campaigns. There is also a Zeppelin record noting (with omissions) the activities of the Zeppelins everywhere, and mention is made of those that are reported to have been destroyed or to have met with serious accidents. A useful and complete list is given of the honours won by officers and men of our own Flying Service, both naval and military. The numbers also contain many articles and illustrations which deal with details of the Flying Service and the types of aircraft in use at the Front.

Thirty thousand persons receive concise biographical notice in the new 1916 edition of "Kelly's Handbook to the Titled, Landed, and Official Classes" (Kelly's Directories, Ltd.). As is well known, the alphabetical arrangement of the book makes it a particularly handy work of personal reference. The inclusion of prominent landowners, as distinct from people holding rank, title, or office, covers ground which most other such publications leave untouched, and greatly extends its utility. The volume has been carefully revised and brought up to date.

A real and very useful novelty for the hair has been introduced in the form of "Solidified Harlene." The popularity of "Harlene Hair-Drill" has made it an institution, and people wisely pay more attention to an important part of the daily toilet routine than was formerly the case. This innovation should become very popular for more than one reason, especially in existing circumstances. It has often been suggested that it would be a great convenience to travellers—and, incidentally, to naval and military men—to be able to carry such a preparation as "Harlene" with safety in portmanteau or kit; and in "Solidified Harlene" Mr. Edwards has concentrated all the qualities of "Liquid Harlene," and the method of application of this new preparation is exactly the same as the well-known "Harlene Hair-Drill" principle. One has only to take a little "Solidified Harlene" on the tips of the fingers, draw it through the hair, and massage it gently into the scalp, when the same results are secured as when the liquid is used. "Solidified Harlene" is put up in tins, and is on sale at all chemists in one size only at 2s. 6d., or may be obtained direct from the Edwards' Harlene Co., 20-26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.

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